

James C. Wetmore of St. Louis to Devote Life and Fortune in Fighting the Great Industrial Evil.

The declaration of Drummond was a stunning blow, and the trust confidently expected Wetmore to give up the fight. But his opponents little appreciated the nature of the man. On the contrary, Wetmore called his directors together and made to them an unexpected appeal to stick by their guns. His eloquence and arguments prevailed, and the directors agreed to support their president in continuing the fight to the independent existence. It was then time to the battle. One by one all its members came out, and the Liggett & Company stood alone opposed to the trust. Every method known to the world was employed to ruin Wetmore's company, but at the end of the year he showed even greater profits. Finally, in 1897, by seeking other means of financing his thirty-two company, he completely outwitted Wetmore in the business world. In this way it was that the trust was broken.

more. After Bryan's defeat Wetmore took him, Jones and Stone to a shooting box in Arkansas, where they were means for continuing the fight were agreed upon. This famous conference lasted a week. Those on the inside believe Wetmore to be individually the most influential man in the democratic party today, and that he has never held a more powerful position.

It will be seen, therefore, that Wetmore's declaration of war against the trusts is not the vamping of impotency. He can set in motion influences which will make a great political organization single through to its members.

With his brains, determination and wealth, he is an opponent whom even the greatest aggregations of capital may dread.

"You want to know my reasons for selling my stock in the Liggett & Myers tobacco company? The answer I will give you without reserve, and I want to see them to make that there are no more of the same possibility of being sold to the highest bidder."

— Mr. Wetmore.

"Can you sing and play the mouth organ at the same time?" asked the manager of the theater, not unkindly.

"No, sir," faltered the girl.

"Then," said the manager, "go and learn to do these and come back here and I may be able to give you a job washing windows."

But he could not find it in his heart to discourage the aspirations of one so earnest. — Detroit Journal.

CHAPTER XXV.

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In spite of her anxiety to find out what had really become of Lilac, it took Evangeline more than a week to discover that the Californian girl was staying with the author's mother, and that the old lady resided in Liverpool.

"I care for him still with my whole heart," said Evangeline energetically, "and I am looking forward to becoming his wife!"

"Papa," asked a 4-year-old youngster, "are all little boys made out of dust?" "Yes, my son," was the reply. "Well, then," continued the little fellow, "I wish you would make nurses stop using the whiskbroom on me. I'm afraid she'll brush me all away."